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BEETHOVEN'S "RUINEN VON ATHEN."*

The Ruins of Athens is a dramatic work in style and form resembling the Masque, of which the golden days of English dramatic literature furnish so many examples, and no less in style and form than in the circumstances, if not the place, of its production. The Masque, to judge from example—for I am not aware that any rules of this species of composition have been otherwise preserved—the Masque was a work comprising dramatic action, poetry, music, pageantry, and more or less of pictorial and mechanical decoration; the subject was always drawn from the occasion, in honour of which the Masque was produced, and it was always treated allegorically, or, at least, invested with the machinery of the classical mythology. The performance of this species of entertainment took not place in public, but at the court, or at the private residence of whatever noble family required its composition, and it was not uncommon for the members of such family or other aristocratic and even royal amateurs to take part in, if not entirely to sustain, the representation; and there rarely occurred a birthday, or a marriage, or a victory, or any occasion of rejoicing that either was or was thought to be of sufficient importance in the state but the performance of a Masque composed on purpose formed part of the celebration.

At that time of day the various departments of the dramatic art may be said to have been in fetters, enslaved to the subservient adulation of such patrons as found gratification in the purchased, if not enforced, homage of which this style of composition was the medium. Poetry changed the fashion of its livery, but bore no less conspicuously the badge of hireling servitude when foul flattery poured itself forth in sheetlong copiosity in the form of a dedication at the front of what not phalanxes of flimsiness and bombast constituted the average of literary publication of a later period. In our own democratic and utilitarian times the muses assume to have grown more independent, and we hear not of a Masque but when a queen is married; nor of a dedication with a regular Charles the Second complement of fulsomeness but when a quondam radical is put upon the pension list,—whether the art or its votaries be bettered by the change of circumstances we may all have our opinion, it is for deeper political economists than me to determine,—there will still

be *Comus*, there will still be *Rule Britannia* for all time to come, and it may even be doubted whether all time to come can surpass these two specimens of the poetry and the music of the English Masque. The custom of having these dramatic allegories to celebrate state occasions has been much more steadily brought down to our own age in Germany than here, for we have in the works of the best approved modern poets of that country very many specimens of this class of writing.

The work under consideration classes among these. It was written for the opening of the theatre in Pesth, the poem by Kotzebue, and the music by Beethoven. The Overture was sent by Beethoven, with two others—which I believe were the Overture to *King Stephen* and the Overture in C, Op. 124—through Ferdinand Ries to the Philharmonic Society in London, by whom he had been commissioned to furnish them with three Overtures that should remain their property. So little merit was found in these works, and so great expectation was excited by everything that bore the name of Beethoven, that they were considered unavailable for performance at concerts of the high pretensions of those of our Philharmonic Society; and, accordingly, not one of them was produced. Some years afterwards the Overtures were all printed in Vienna, but the Philharmonic Society made no complaint of the infringement of their property.

With the exception of the March and Chorus "Twine ye garlands," the dramatic music of the *Ruins of Athens* was, I have understood, discovered some eight or nine years ago in an unfrequented store-room of the Pesth Theatre, where it had lain so entirely unheeded since its first production that its very existence had been forgotten. It was first brought to England by Mendelssohn in 1844, when he conducted for the greater part of the season the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, at one of which the most effective portions of this very interesting resuscitation were performed. As a *pièce de circonstance* the interest of the *Ruins of Athens*, of course, passed away with the occasion for which it was composed; as a dramatic work, by reason of its purely occasional character, it can never have had any interest; as a work of Beethoven, therefore, it can now only interest the world, and by this highest test it can now only be judged.

The subject of the Masque, so far as I can gather from report, and from Mr. W. Bartholomew's version (which is an adaptation rather than a translation, designed to meet a ready appreciation in England by the substitution of some entirely

* Beethoven's Music to the drama of "The Ruins of Athens." The Pianoforte parts arranged from the Score by Ann S. Mounsey, the English version written and adapted by W. Bartholomew, Esq. Ewer.

local matter for other, that being out of our knowledge, was supposed to be beyond our sympathy), the subject or argument, so far as I can gather from such uncertain authorities, is more or less as follows.

Minerva has been since the golden age of Grecian art, the glorious epoch of Grecian liberty, for some or other important offence against the Olympian tribunal, the particulars of which I am unable to furnish, fettered with chains of heaven-wrought adamant by the omnipotent thunderer within a rock impenetrable alike to the aspirations of man and to the intelligence of the goddess, a rock through which neither his spirit of inquiry could approach her, nor her wisdom diffuse itself upon the world. The period of vengeance is past; Jove relents, and the captive deity is enfranchised. The first steps of her freedom naturally lead Minerva to the scene of her ancient greatness. She finds Athens, her Athens, her especially beloved and most carefully cherished city in ruins, the descendants of her fostered people enslaved to a barbarous and fanatic race; the trophies of her former splendour, the wrecks of that art which is the example and the regret of all time, appropriated to the most degrading purposes of vulgar householdry; and the frenzied worshippers of a faith that knows not the divine presence in its most marvellous manifestation, the intellect of man. Here is no longer the home of wisdom and the arts, so the liberated goddess proceeds to Pesth, where she establishes anew her temple in the new theatre, and presides over a triumphal procession in honour of the emperor, its patron, under whose auspices the golden age is to prevail again.

In the English version, which was performed entire at the Princess's Theatre some seven or eight years ago, to the best of my recollection, the Royal Exchange with the statue of Wellington was substituted for the new theatre at Pesth, and Shakspeare with a pageant of the principal characters from all his plays was substituted for the Emperor of Austria,—modifications admirably adapted to the commercial character and the blind vain glory that so eminently mark the British nation, and at the same time interfering in no respect with such particulars as it was within the province of Beethoven's music to illustrate.

The merit of the music is very unequal. There are some pieces in the work that add a radiance to the brightest glory with which the immortal composer is crowned; there are others that bear no indication of the hand of Beethoven, but only his name on the title-page. I can form but a very faint conjecture as to the period at which it was composed, for I have been unable to ascertain the date of the opening of the Pesth Theatre, and the sending of the Overture to Ries in London must have been subsequent to this, and the publication of it in Vienna is stated by this authority to have been some years later. The number of the work, the Overture is printed as Op. 113, bears reference only to the order of publication, and is therefore no clue to its chronological

position amongst the composer's other works in the order of composition. I should surmise from the style of the music that it may have been produced at about the period of the Quartets dedicated to Count Rasoumowsky, but a conjecture founded only on analogy must be so entirely vague as to pretend to little consideration.

It is little to be wondered at that our Philharmonic Society esteemed the Overture unworthy the name of Beethoven, and therefore unavailable for performance at their concerts, since the most impartial examination of the composition must always lead to a confirmation of this decision; and it is no little credit to that body that, having obtained by regular purchase the exclusive property in a composition which would surely have stimulated the greatest interest, and finding that it possessed not the essential to gratify the interest it would have excited, they withheld it from the public at a period when the merit even of Beethoven's greatest works was but partially acknowledged, and when to have produced a composition of decided inferiority would have given such authority to the scepticism that then prevailed among the respected of the art as apparently to justify the depreciation of those masterpieces which were not understood because they were superior to the comprehension of those who dogmatically presumed to judge them.

It is, on the other hand, matter of very considerable marvel that Beethoven, who was most jealous of his reputation, should at three different periods have submitted so weak a production to the public. The inequality of the works of a great master is the fact that proves him to be such, or, at least, that distinguishes what, for want of another term, must still be called by the conventional name of divine inspiration from what we know to be mere mechanical facility. Hence it is only matter of remark, certainly not of wonder, that even Beethoven should have produced an Overture that is without merit. The satisfaction of an author with his work at the period of its composition, when his imagination is still glowing with the ardour of intention which is at the time impossible to distinguish from the fervour of the creative power, is a circumstance so natural that there can scarcely exist one who has written, much or little, but must have proved it in his proper experience, but must have felt when discharging a work from his mind that he had done all that was within him to do to perfect such work for the purpose to which he designed it. Hence it is quite accountable that Beethoven should have given this Overture out for performance on the occasion for which it was composed, when it is not unlikely that there may have been the additional reason of press of time to prevent him from writing another to substitute for it. The intoxication of mental procreation is, however, but an ephemeral rapture, and the glow of our whole being that illuminates the birth of a new idea is itself extinguished in the moment of our giving such idea to the world, then enthusiasm, the butterfly, that has sprung from study, the

chrysalis, flies into the flame of which her bright colours and her flickering wings are the incarnation, the mind renews itself, and judgment, the worm, rises from the ashes of the faded fantasy to toil and travail and foredo the futile fabrications whereof its parent was the vain glory. Hence we must always wonder that Beethoven, whose tempered judgment should have been profound as his excited genius was brilliant, should, on reviewing his Overture after the lapse of years, have so little seen that it was so little worth as to have again sent it forth into the world and again hazarded his reputation, and so have abrogated his self-respect, upon its merits—Beethoven, than whom no one can have been more scrupulously jealous of the dignity of art, and of his own true rank as an artist.

(To be continued.)

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE fourteenth season of Jullien's Concerts at Drury Lane commenced on Monday evening. The announcement that this series would be the last previous to the popular maestro's departure for America provided a new excitement and a new interest, and we believe on no former occasion of these entertainments was the theatre so crowded and beleaguered by applicants. Every box was taken, every seat in the dress circle let, every available sitting and standing-place occupied. How many who desired admittance were turned away we know not, but we think, had a few hundreds more been refused entrance, it would have tended considerably to the comfort and convenience of all the early comers. The crowd in the promenade was awful, and so great was the crush that several rows took place, and the police had to be called in before order was restored. Three or four gentlemen, or more properly gents, were carried off *vi et armis* to the neighbouring station, and figured conspicuously next day in the police reports; one of the disturbers—a General's son, as stated in the papers—being sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment, and two being fined £5 each. Such brawlers have no business in a place of amusement where absolute silence and quietness is imperatively necessitated.

The interior of the theatre has been entirely renovated, new painted, and re-decorated. The ceiling is hardly so light and elegant as before; the elaborate painting which surmounts the walls being, we think, no improvement on the golden trellis-work. The new white and gold of the *facades*, however, is quite refreshing, after the dinginess and doubtful colours of late years, and affords no contrast to the glittering and bright fittings, which are as brilliant, neat, and picturesque as ever. The splendours of the magic chrysalis curtain are as apparent as heretofore, and the provisions (no pun) in the refreshment and reading-rooms are as carefully looked to. In short, Mr. Gye, in his department—the supervision of the general arrangements—has displayed his usual taste, his usual tact, and his usual munificence in the expenditure.

Of Jullien, the presiding genius of the scene, it is unnecessary to say a word; for is it not chronicled in history, how, by gentle gradations, insensible degrees, and cunning means withal, Jullien led on the musical public of England to an appreciation and an understanding of the great masters of song, whom, before Jullien's advent and Jullien's reign, the

English public neither appreciated nor understood? Jullien knowingly bated his trap with tunes and dances, and having caught his audiences, he feeds them with food of the finest grain and the best manufacture. So his audience thrive and grow fat, musically, and begin to despise meagre potations and thin slops. But Jullien does not surfeit his hearers with rich viands. He has light dishes in abundance, and *entremets* to please leisure palates, and sauces to provoke dull appetites. Bref, Jullien knows that contrast is the body and soul of all recreation, and accordingly he contrasts. But with all this everybody is familiar, and our allegations might have been spared.

The programme of Monday night included the usual interchange of popular and classical *morceaux*, and provided one or two novelties. The concert began with the fiery overture to *Euryanthe*, which tested the capabilities of the band to the uttermost. A finer or better balanced cohort even Jullien never assembled together. It includes, among other good names, those of Koenig, Baumann, Barret, Levigne, Remusat, Collinet, Arban, Prosper, Cioffi, Vogel, Maycock, Jarrett, &c. &c. In fact, every instrumentalist of note in London, with one or two exceptions, is enlisted in the Drury Lane orchestra, and the result may be called a perfect whole.

By the way, Jullien's reception was tremendous. The moment he came into view in the orchestra one spontaneous shout of applause from all parts of the house greeted him, which fell and rose, and fell and rose again with new-gathered energy and persistency. With the old enthusiastic feeling for Jullien—the arch caterer for the amusements of the public, and the creator of so many household airs—was mingled a high respect and ardent admiration for the composer of *Pietro il Grande*. Never was Jullien received with such real fervor and reverence combined.

The classic pieces of the programme were—in addition to the *Euryanthe* Overture—the “*Marche Funèbre*,” from Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony, and the *Scherzo* from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. These were listened to with rapt and real attention, and were not interrupted by the slightest disturbance or noise, although the audience were nearly squeezed into one compound mass.

Among the novelties we may mention “*Les Echos de Mont Blanc*,” an exceedingly pretty and effective polka, which Jullien has, with equal manliness and propriety, dedicated to Albert Smith—and which, by the bye, brought the new cornet player, M. Arban, into immediate rivalry with Herr Koenig, whose reputation moulted no feather in the trial; another polka, called “*Juno*,” by Herr Koenig, in which M. Arban played the solos, and exhibited a fine tone and admirable facility; and the “*Amazon and Tiger Galop*” of Karl Buller. These were the new *morceaux*.

Other novelties, still more effective and gratifying, were provided. Mademoiselle Anna Zerr sang twice; the brother violinists, Mollinshauer, executed a duo; and M. Wuille, a famous Belgian clarinet, performed a solo. Mademoiselle Zerr's songs were the grand aria of the Queen of Night, from the *Flauto Magico*—which it is no hyperbole to say no one living can sing like her—and a very pleasing Tyrolienne, by Charles Haas, of a quiet and simple character. In Mozart's magnificent and impossible aria Anna Zerr created a perfect *furor*. The audience were thrown into momentary ecstasies, and could not refrain from applauding every bar, to the detriment, certainly, of the general effect. In the encore, which was super-boisterous and universal, Mdle. Zerr still more delighted and enchanted her hearers; still more exhibited her

marvellous powers to greater advantage, inasmuch as she was listened to with more attention. Had Jullien searched the world through, he could hardly have found an artist who would prove more attractive at his concerts than Anna Zerr. In the second song, the ballad of Charles Haas, the fair *cantatrice* surprised us and everybody else by the purity of a style which rejected all ornament, and depended for effect on expression and intonation alone. An encore, scarcely less enthusiastic than that awarded to the air from *Il Flauto Magico*, followed. In short, we may pronounce Mdlle. Anna Zerr to be an immense hit for Jullien.

Another novelty was the first appearance of the brothers Möllinhauer, German violinists, who played a duet of their own composing with great effect. These artists are celebrated for their duet powers, and are eminently happy in their *ensemble* playing. They were first introduced to a London public by Mr. Ella, at one of the Musical Unions of last season, and distinguished themselves in that aristocratic gathering. They were encored in the last movement of the duet, and repeated it with increased effect.

A third novelty at the Drury Lane Concerts was recognized in M. Wuille, a Belgian clarionet, who also *débüté* last year at the Musical Union—Mr. Ella seems to be the Columbus of undiscovered instrumentalists—and eke obtained the favourable suffrages of his auditors. M. Wuille is, indeed, an admirable performer on the clarionet. His tone is clear, pure, and even, and his execution remarkably neat and finished. His success was decided.

Of the remaining items of the concert it is unnecessary to speak. We cannot, however, refrain from alluding to the "Royal Irish Quadrille," which provoked a hurricane of applause; to the fantasia from the *Huguenots*; and to the charming and melodious "Valse Hollandaise," from *Pietro il Grande*, which were received with emphatic approbation.

At the end of the first part, a huge cry was raised for "God Save the Queen," and after some delay, when excitement was at its highest, a band of chorus-singers, numbering nearly 120, made their appearance, and Jullien having entered the orchestra, lifted his baton, and the whole body of singers and instrumentalists lent their united efforts to the National Anthem; of course an uproarious encore followed, and a repeat. The chorus subsequently proved their efficiency in the conspiracy scene from the *Huguenots*; but we fancy they would be heard to greater advantage if they were removed from their present position, the back of the orchestra, and placed in front.

The performances of the week present no particular feature of moment, if we except the new quadrille from *Pietro il Grande*, which was given last night, and achieved a triumphant success. It is admirably put together, and will become no less popular than Jullien's other celebrities of that class.

In conclusion, we may pronounce Jullien's series of concerts for 1852, to be, up to the present moment, more attractive than on any former occasion.

NEW ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE AT NEW YORK.

THE GRAND ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY FROM LONDON.

We give below a copy of the correspondence alluded to in a letter published in our number of Saturday last, relative to establishing the Grand Italian Opera, on the same scale, and by the same company as that performing at the Queen's Grand Opera House, London. The time has no doubt ar-

rived when proper steps will be taken to give us music in all its perfection, and that we shall be no longer compelled to be satisfied with whatever comes along, in straggling remnants, but, nevertheless, great in their way. These letters are written evidently by one possessing considerable graphic and true knowledge of matters, and who is serving the musical public very materially in taking such a decided and practical interest in forwarding the preliminaries for carrying out such a desideratum. The first of these letters was written to the director of the Grand Italian Opera, pointing out to him the vast field open to him, and with a view to his so organizing his arrangements for his coming term as to, if possible, meet the probable requisitions for the services of the entire company, for at least six months, in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The writer having been entirely successful in imparting his scheme to the famous director, and received his fullest concurrence in such a feasible undertaking, immediately wrote to the committee of management for the erection of the New Opera House in New York, where the matter now rests, but which, it is hoped, we shall soon learn is fast progressing. The correspondence speaks for itself, and is worthy of the most serious consideration of those interested in such an excellent undertaking, the musical circle of New York in particular:

TO THE DIRECTOR OF THE ITALIAN OPERA, LONDON.

London, July 20, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to our several conversations on the subject of establishing the grand Italian opera and ballet in America, on the same grand scale, and with the same company, *tout ensemble*, as in London and Paris, I beg to submit my ideas on the matter, with a view to your being better able to judge as to the probability of your so organising your arrangements that, if opportunity offer, you might divide your seasons—one half in Europe, the other in the United States—thus giving full occupation for a long term to your *artistes*, and by which considerable economy might be effected for both sides of the water. At this moment there is no Italian Opera in America, the five years' subscription for the last having terminated, and none other, up to this time, has been entered into—nor is it likely there will be, until it can be based upon a principle by which it can be performed in all its bearings equal to that of any other part of the world—opera and ballet together. That America can and will support great talent there is no question, inasmuch as we have abundant proof in the careers of Ellsler, Herz, Ole Bull, Lind, Sivori, Hayes, Parodi, the Woods, Macready, Professor Anderson, &c. The great difficulty which has continually attended the reign of the Italian opera in New York, has been the want of experienced management, the organisation of talent to produce the works of great masters, with their attendant minutia, so essential in their effective representation. The first attempt to establish Italian opera in New York was made some ten years past. The vast improvement in the country—in the increase of wealth, the great march of refinement in taste for music, and its desire for fine arts generally—has so far opened the field that all that remains to be done is but to lay before the public of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, a prospectus, showing how far they can depend upon the perfect representation of the opera, and its fullest support is most certain. I have made a calculation of the probable receipts, covered in the main by subscriptions, which, if a good programme be offered on the part of an experienced director, no doubt can be soon raised, and every arrangement made to perfect the scheme without risk. I am desirous to impress upon your mind that America is a new country in a manner vast and great in all its bearings, and to a considerable extent governed, in its pleasurable views, by excitement and novelty, is ever anxious to acquire knowledge and pleasure in every way by seeing everything, and, as a whole, leaves nothing unseen or unheard. It fundamentally places great reliance upon European representation, and endorses with great indulgence all visitors bearing European reputation; and I speak from experience when I assert that to successfully esta-

blish Italian opera in America, and that, too, with little difficulty, some person thoroughly acquainted as an operatic manager and director, who is familiar with all its thousand and one cares, and one whose name, as a director of the Italian opera, being known, would give warranty and confidence to the lovers of opera and music to support and secure the scheme; but none other will succeed or be encouraged at all. In brief, discipline is required, and that, too, exacted by an experienced ruler, whose reputation is well known in operatic affairs, must be warranted, and its fullest support is doubtless. In order to gain this great end, I need hardly remind you that careful and well drilled aid is essential, aside from the actual productions on the stage. The want of a methodical and well-matured government in the outside workings, as well as the interior economy of such an establishment, has been the ruin of its hitherto controllers; but if worked by industrious and careful men, such would be rendered impossible; and I have no doubt, if undertaken by such, having experience, undoubted influence, and unexceptional talent to control such matters, that a large profit can be made to accrue.

What now is wanted in America to insure certain success is an operatic company, combining such *artistes* as Grisi, Sontag, Alboni, La Grange, Bosio, Cruvelli, Garcia, Wagner, Favante, Castellani, Ida Bertrand, Seguin, Fiorentini, Anna Zerr, Mario, Salvi, Sims Reeves, Tamberlik, Gardoni, Calzolari, Rossini, Belletti, Bassini, Lablache, Formes, Rossi, Marini, &c. In the ballet Cerito, Guy Stephan, Ferrara, Rosati, Soto, Lamoreaux, Fleury, Le Grain, M. St. Leon, Durand, &c. In orchestra, Sivi, Sainton, Bottesini, Piatti, Lazarus, &c.; and a conductor, either Costa, Balfe, Benedict, or Eckert. Such a combination having formed your season companies, and in most part performing on the same night, is such attraction as would command extensive patronage in America. It may appear at first to many a gigantic expectation of mine; and it may be said by many in America, "Such can never be effected." And I must ask why not? Dollars would transfer St. Peter's of Rome to America, if it was required; and inasmuch as all that is wanted is the support guaranteed to meet this, there can be little harm done by taking the matter in hand and arguing the case. If it is never commenced, it will never be matured. It remains, therefore, to give the matter your consideration, and in so doing to observe that in my annexed calculations I have shown for sixty nights, which, at three nights per week, would cover about twenty weeks. Add to this some three weeks for transportation and preliminary preparations, would cover about six months, including Sabbaths. I reckon for New York thirty subscriptions and four extra nights; for Boston twelve and two; for Philadelphia ten and two—in each case much less than formerly quoted for a season—which subscription, I believe, was for fifty nights in New York, exclusive of extra nights. New York is the great metropolis of America, and has a population in and near it of over 800,000, besides an influx of visitors from all parts of the Union of at least 36,000 per day, great numbers of the latter visiting for pleasure solely. Boston some 300,000, with a vast surrounding population, and has an immense traffic in and through it. Philadelphia has its permanent 450,000, with its vast daily influx of some thousands, through to and from the rich Southern and western States. These three cities alone we find a population capable and willing to support an opera founded and conducted on the principles such as I have named, and which alone would be depended upon and tolerated. The Americans are a sight-seeing people, and are better able to pay for seeing sights than any other nation, for two great causes: first, they can afford, from the fact that they get more for labour, and pay less for support, and all are educated; and inasmuch as wealth begets taste, so do they patronise merit. Second, the wealth of America constantly afloat, few have it in vast amounts, and many have it in profusion; but all have it in sufficiency to enable them to indulge in every pleasure that comes worthy of their notice. Boston is a seven hours' railroad ride from New York, Philadelphia a five hours' ride from New York, Baltimore a five hours' ride from Philadelphia, Washington a two hours' ride from Baltimore.

* These two latter places would cover with equal result another month. Add to this two weeks to return to London or Paris, for the usual season, would make the year.

It requires, then, that a communication with the parties now in committee for erecting the new opera house be entered into, which ought to be done at once, lest they commit themselves in some other way, being in ignorance of the possibility of securing such facilities of co-operation as experienced directorship and such a combination. I have also calculated, as far as my experience and judgment details, the probable expense attendant upon such an establishment, and I have every reason to think that this affair, once commenced, its organisation would not be very difficult. I have presumed the new opera house to seat 3,500 persons. Your reply will oblige

Your very obedient,

W. H. J.

London, July 22, 1852.

The director of the Italian Opera begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. W. H. J.—'s valuable communication relative to establishing the grand Italian opera and ballet in the United States, on the same extensive scale as produced in her Majesty's Opera House here, and feels called upon to say that the calculations and argument adduced by Mr. W. H. J.—are such as to impress him most favourably, after the most serious reflection on the subject, and must view it as most important statistical information; and should he be officially applied to in the matter by the parties empowered and prepared to act, he feels satisfied that very little difficulty would arise to effectually carry out the object.

London, July 23, 1852.

TO MR. PHELAN, OR THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE ERECTION OF THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

I take the earliest opportunity of informing you that I have had a long and serious conversation with the present director of the grand Italian Opera of London and Paris, regarding the introduction of the Italian opera, on an equally grand scale, in New York; and from my experience in musical matters, also my knowledge of the portion of the Italian opera just closed with for the last subscription, I thought it more than likely that, in erecting the new opera house, if such is determined upon, that there would be very little difficulty in arranging with him to give a series of grand operas and ballets by the same company, and on the same scale as given here, provided subscriptions to a reasonable amount, adequate to the expense, could be guaranteed. He went into some lengthy calculations on the subject, and when compared with the subscriptions of the Astor Place, I find them not very much more. If he be applied to in a proper form, he would be prepared, at a notice of some four or five months, to give from ten to fifteen operas, with all the grand effects and perfectness of representation as here and in Paris, comprising the same company of artists, orchestra, chorus, ballets, costumes, &c. &c. In brief, you could have opera in New York, in a style the first of the art, as many of the patrons of the opera in America, having visited Europe, will appreciate, and all will support; and there is one fixed fact, that nothing short of the Italian opera, in its fullest excellence, will succeed; and if given in such perfectness, its support will be all that could be desired. Should you entertain the idea which I have on my own account statistically gone into, not as a matter of business, of course, but presuming, as it was in contemplation to erect a new opera house, open a new subscription list, &c, that in order to complete the work in a manner worthy of, and calculated to meet, the warmest support, of the citizens—that in order to prevent any more experimental or inefficient operatic management, or rather directorship, that it would be economy to place the matter on the surest foundation—complete in all its business. The class of artists would be such as Alboni, Sontag, Cruvelli, La Grange, Wagner, Castellani, Duprez, Garcia, Mario, Sims Reeves, Calzolari, Gardoni, Bassini, Belletti; ballet, such as Carlotti Grisi, Cerito, Guy Stephan, Rosati, M. Tagioni, &c. &c.; Balfe or Costa probably as conductor. Of course it is impossible to give an actual list of the company, unless something official were entered into. You will please communicate by return of post, not your definite reply, but your views on this important matter, and, by way of suggestion, I may say that three things are essential to bear in mind.

1st. It will be necessary to obtain permission from the government to admit the properties, such as wardrobe and trappings, important properties necessary for the grand opera as players here, free from duty. 2nd. The necessity of giving the director as much notice as possible. 3rd. In order to arrange for this gigantic undertaking, how far the cities of Boston and Philadelphia would co-operate—i.e., how many nights could be insured by subscription, and how many subscriptions could be procured to support such grand productions as those alluded to?

America being now without Italian opera, it is essential that if the matter is desirable, it should be done soon, lest such an opportunity be lost as that of the ability to get the establishment so easily completed, and under such direction as that of the director from London, bringing with him the *tout ensemble* to effectually produce grand Italian opera and ballet.

I am, Sir, yours, very obediently,

W. H. J.

P.S.—I have just been called upon to inspect a model of a new stage, in most part same as the one now in use at the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, and at the Princess's Theatre; it is the most complete thing I ever saw, and a copy of it could be had for a mere trifle, and if you have not commenced to build, is worthy of your serious consideration.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first performance of the most important musical society, not only in England but in Europe, inaugurated the winter season on Friday night at Exeter Hall. The attendance was so great, that numbers of people could find neither seats nor standing room; and, at various intervals, loud outcries were raised by the unaccommodated, indicative of their dissatisfaction, at having paid their money without being enabled, by any expedient, to enjoy the music at their ease. A denser crowd has rarely been witnessed at Exeter Hall, and never was a more convincing proof afforded that the means of ingress and egress connected with this vast building are altogether inefficient to insure the convenience of the public. The fresh decorations of the walls and ceiling, without displaying much artistic taste, have improved the general aspect of the hall, by substituting cheerfulness for gloom; but, had the recess been devoted to some attempt at counteracting the serious deficiency alluded to, the labours of the committee of management would have been more advantageously, if less fancifully, employed.

The programme was miscellaneous. The performances were ushered in by a selection from Handel's oratorio of *Samson*, in token of respect to the memory of the Duke of Wellington. The principal singers, and the members of the orchestra and chorus, were all in mourning; and the music, most appropriately chosen, produced a solemn and appealing effect. The pathetic air, "Ye sons of Israel," was admirably sung by Miss Williams, and the responsive chorus left nothing to be desired. Equally impressive was the dead march for the orchestra, and the fine chorus, "Glorious Hero," with which the selection concluded. The audience listened with profound attention; and no indecorous sign of approval interfered to rob the tribute to the departed hero of its weight and gravity.

After the selection from *Samson*, the published numbers from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio of *Christus* were performed. With the exception of the trio for male voices "Say where is He born," by Messrs. Lockey, Phillips, and Barnaby, and the recitatives of Pilate, extremely well given by Mr. Lockey, the execution of these sublime fragments was greatly inferior to that which at the recent Birmingham festival was only praised with reservation. The chorus was painfully out

of tune, and very far from perfect; the organ was out of pitch with the orchestra, and the entire performance gave the audience but a poor chance of being able to form anything approaching to a notion of the beauties of the music, which those to whom it is familiar have, with one common consent, pronounced transcendent. So bad a specimen of singing as that displayed in the broad and melodious chorus, "There shall a star from Jacob come forth," we were surprised to hear from the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The choruses which answer the recitatives of Pilate in the scene of the arraignment of the Saviour were not much better, and, in one instance, "Crucify Him," the falsity of intonation was only surpassed by the inaccuracy of time and unsteadiness of accent. Not to enter further into detail, such a performance was discreditable to such a society, and the more so since the music attempted was from an unfinished work by Mendelssohn, to whose genius and presiding influence that society has been so much indebted. At the present time, when what is absurdly entitled a new school—at Leipsic and other places, where a better and a sounder taste might have been expected—is endeavouring to detract from the merits of the greatest composer since Beethoven, it is of more than ordinary consequence to provide for every new work of Mendelssohn the most faultless execution which zeal and perseverance can insure. Happily, in England, the miserable phantom which in many parts of Germany now represents the so-called "Æsthetic" school has obtained no favour. Such compositions of M. Robert Schumann (its responsible chief) as have been brought forward in this country have been received with indifference by the public, and condemned by the critics as rhodomontade. The idol, however, has been set up at Leipsic, a city which owes its musical importance entirely to Mendelssohn—and, frightened by its admonitions, through its recognized organ, the *Leipziger Musicalische Zeitschrift*, the professional quorum, to whom has been intrusted the revision and publication of Mendelssohn's manuscripts, has actually come to the resolution of giving no more to the public than has already been delivered—that is, if Mendelssohn's catalogue of his own works may be received as authority, considerably less than one-half of what remains. Now, with every respect for M. Hauptmann, a good contrapuntist (who owes to Mendelssohn his position at Leipsic), to M. David, an expert fiddle-player (who, through Mendelssohn's influence, obtained the post he holds in the same town), to M. Rietz (a pupil of Mendelssohn), and to M. Mocheles (the most respectable authority of the four, and Mendelssohn's intimate friend), we must protest, that, in arrogating to themselves the right of selecting what shall be published and what shall not be published of the manuscripts that Mendelssohn has left behind him, they assume a responsibility for which they are altogether unfitted. More than this, it is not too much to insist that what rests of the labour of a great man belongs to the world, which alone can be his judge, and alone can define the position he is destined to hold. The world will have a right to ask, presuming that the major part of Mendelssohn's unpublished works are suppressed, what use has been made of them; and, as the four gentlemen who constitute the "quorum" are themselves, so to speak, "composers," every composition that, for the future, proceeds from their pen will justly be regarded with suspicion. It would be out of place at present to enter more deeply into the subject; but it is not out of place to close these remarks with an imperative demand, at the hands of those concerned,

for all that exists of *Christus*, complete or incomplete. It is well known that the entire plan of the oratorio was sketched by Mendelssohn; and for those who are convinced of the enormous influence which his music has exercised on the progress of the musical art, the mere outline of the several pieces must possess as much interest as the great "Reformation Symphony" itself, the suppression of which can in no way be excused or accounted for. Once for all, Mendelssohn's manuscript works belong neither to family nor to *clique*, but to the world; and every one should be brought out with, wherever that is possible, the exact date of its production. If no more is gained than the means of tracing and following the progress and development of a great and original genius, it is more than enough to render their publication an absolute duty on the part of those who have the manuscripts in their keeping.

As if to show what they could do after demonstrating what they could not do, the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society gave such a performance of Spohr's sacred oratorio, *The Last Judgment*—a work of no ordinary difficulty—as left absolutely nothing to be desired; proving, not for the first time, that, when "up to the mark," they can set competition at defiance. The solo parts in this fine composition—the masterpiece of one of the greatest of musicians, about which so much has been said that nothing remains to be added—were executed, with the highest efficiency by Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Phillips; and the choruses, without an exception, were performed in a manner quite worthy of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Between the selection from *Samson* and the fragments from *Christus*, a solo on the great organ—which has been "altered and enlarged" during the recess—proved Mr. Brownsmith a master of the instrument, and was listened to with pleasure by the audience. There were no attempts at applause or encores during the performance, but on the appearance of Mr. Costa in the orchestra, a unanimous and enthusiastic greeting testified the high sense entertained by the audience of the merits of that gentleman and of the distinguished services he has rendered the society.

SKETCH OF THE CONSERVATORY AT PARIS.

(From the *New York Musical Times*)

Continued from No. 45.

I have thus far said nothing about a class which is most worthy of mention—a class which has furnished France with distinguished artists, and which has raised the Conservatory to a proud distinction; I mean the class of Musical Composition. This is quite distinct from the classes of harmony, counterpoint, and fugue; which have their separate teachers. I will also here state, that there are, in the Conservatory, three *Examiners*. In connection with the directors, the examiners form the High Council of the Conservatory, by which are examined, quarterly, the pupils, in fugue and counterpoint. The examiners are selected from the ranks of the very best French composers, and are members of the Legion of Honour and of the Institute of France. Their only duty (beside that of examining the pupils just mentioned), is the teaching of musical composition. Each examiner has two or three pupils under his care, to whom he gives three lectures a week. He is not subject to the rules of the Conservatory, as the professors are, but instructs his pupils at home, and at any time most convenient for himself. His system of instruction is thorough and rigid to extremity; and the progress of the pupils is correspondingly certain and satisfactory.

After studying three years under these illustrious and conscientiously severe masters, the pupils come to competition for the

grand prize. Three successive trials are had:—1st. An exercise in Counterpoint. 2d. A Fugue. 3d. A Musical Composition, with an orchestral accompaniment. The third piece, till within the last three years, had been an *aria*, preceded by a *recitative*; but it has been enlarged, and is now a drama, in one act. I heard that, a few years ago a drama, called *Sappho*, which had gained for its author, M. Gounod, the *grand prize*, was brought out with success at the Grand Opera in Paris.

Previous to the competition for the *grand prize*, which takes place in the large Hall of the Institute of France, each pupil is for three days locked in a room; writing materials being furnished him, also necessary food. During this time, he is allowed to have no intercourse with anybody; and should he violate this rule, he would be expelled, with disgrace, from the class of competitors. And why is he thus locked up? and what does he do in his solitary room? He there composes his third piece with orchestral accompaniment; and he is thus locked up that it shall not be possible for him to gain any aid from friends or books, but that he must, in those three days, produce the composition out of his own head. The exercises on fugue and counterpoint are handed in before the competitors are locked up. When a pupil has finished his composition, he selects some device and writes it carefully on one corner of his score, as a mark by which his production shall be distinguished from all the rest. He then carefully signs, folds up, and seals his score, and then it is handed to the director of the Conservatory. The director examines every device, that he may know to whom each score belongs, and then removes the signatures; so that the judges determine the merits of a composition without knowing who is its author; and thus is even the *suspicion* of partiality avoided. Let me now relate how the decision is given on this important matter.

The music section of the Institute of France, consisting of five members, all first-rate composers, meet upon an appointed day, in the Hall of the Institute. A piano has been carried there, and able artists summoned. Each composition is performed in presence of these equitable and incorruptible judges, and each of them drops his vote into a bag, giving, at the same time, his motives of praise and blame. After every piece has been thus performed and judged, the votes on each work are compared and verified, and the *grand prize* is awarded. The decision is made known publicly by the papers. All that I have described takes place in August, in which month also the general examination comes off. But that is not the end. The composition to which the *grand prize* has been adjudged will be honoured with a public execution. In October, all the sections of the Institute of France meet publicly; and in that illustrious assembly, before an immense concourse, to which the first artists and the orchestra of the Grand Opera, with their great leader, Habeneck, have been called—in such a place, I say, the happy young Laurent enjoys with rapture a performance, which, alas! will perhaps be the last for him.

Napoleon was the founder of this *grand prize*. He had remarked that in every other branch of the fine arts, painting, sculpture, architecture, &c., a premium was granted to the pupil who produced the best work; and that music, by some unexplainable, and in his view unjustifiable, reason, was made an exception. He resolved at once to place music on the same footing in this respect with her sister arts, and to this end he founded the *grand prize*.

Great advantages were, and are still, attached to the gaining of the *grand prize*. The pupil who wins such a distinction, is maintained during three years at the expense of the government: he is sent to Italy, to stay one year in Rome, where he makes himself acquainted with the musical resources, performances, and models, which the art can afford an artist in that city. The second year he visits Naples, Milan, and Florence, where every facility is given him for holding intercourse with such celebrated masters and singers he can meet with there. The third year he is allowed to visit Germany. This closes his tour, and he is ordered back to France. Another privilege, which was invaluable under Napoleon, belongs still to the young musician crowned with the *grand prize*. He was exempt from enrolment in the army. This shows the high degree of esteem Napoleon entertained for the art of music, of which he was exceedingly fond. There is no better proof of this

than his restoration of the Chapel of Music in the Chateau of the Tuileries. He loaded with presents and regards Lesueur, his Chapel Master; he summoned from Italy to France the celebrated Paesello, to whom he gave a high salary taken from his private treasury; the composer Paër accompanied him in all foreign expeditions; to compose masses and to *Deums* to celebrate the victories gained by his armies over the enemies of France. No other sovereign ever did so much for the arts in general, and music in particular.

(To be continued.)

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—ALBONI'S LAST CONCERT.—The last concert of Madlle. Alboni at Metropolitan Hall, last night, was attended by an audience of some three thousand persons. The programme, from the overture to the final rondo from *Sonnambula*, was executed to the largest satisfaction of the house. The cavatina from *Norma* of "Casta Diva," was realised in all its pre-eminent beauty, appearing as good as new, notwithstanding it has become almost as old as Old Hundred. The grand variations from Hummel drew down the house, however, with greater emphasis, for here the thorough discipline, skill, flexibility and compass, were most strikingly exhibited; and its repetition was even more exquisitely done than that which at first appeared to be the involuntary perfection of art. Sangiovanni and Rovere, it is quite enough to say, maintained their reputation. Altogether, it was a pleasant concert, not the least agreeable features of which were the orchestra and chorus. The latter, by contrast, threw Alboni's voice into fine relief, like the full moon shining among the stars.

Arditi's grand variations, entitled "Musical Difficulties Solved," expressly composed for the greatest lyric artist living, our delicious Alboni, were repeated last night, and were received with unprecedented enthusiasm by the large audience which filled the spacious hall. Signor Arditi may well be proud of the effect produced by his composition. At the same time, it is necessary to say that no one but the unrivalled Alboni could do justice to it—for no other singer in the world possesses the extent, volume, and flexibility of voice, and the perfect *gusto* of singing, the utmost resources of which she exhausts in this piece. The variations are full of difficulties; and we almost trembled for Alboni when she commenced them. But the *maestro* had well studied the extraordinary range and powers of the wonderful songstress, and the result proved that he had not over-estimated nor over-tasked them. The effect of this splendid and unapproachable effort of vocal power and faultless execution, was of the most enthusiastic nature, and was long noticeable among the excited audience. She ran through the most difficult passages with the greatest nonchalance; octaves, double octaves, and from *sol* to *la* in the violin clef, were all disposed of with equal facility, and convinced the almost frantic public that nothing in the way of musical difficulties can come amiss to her. Both *artiste* and *maestro* were most enthusiastically applauded, called before the audience, and received with tremendous cheers. Indeed, a greater or more gratifying triumph could not have been obtained.—*New York Herald.*

BOSTON.—Alboni is the excitement in Boston just now; but in Mlle. Lehman she finds a strong competitor for the crown of public favour. The latter simply drives the Bostonians wild, while the former throws them into a "state of frenzied enthusiasm."

SAN FRANCISCO.—This gold-glutted city appears to be going ahead musically with the same astonishing strides that distinguish it in other matters. A Philharmonic Society has recently been formed under the most flattering auspices. A friend writes us that:—"The San Francisco Philharmonic Society intends to bring out an oratorio, probably the *Messiah*, in a short time; and they will, from time to time, perform the first-class oratorios, symphonies, &c., of the great masters. The society already numbers ninety members, have purchased one of Chickering's grand pianos, and 1,000 dollars worth of music, and are getting on finely. That potential element, money (from lack of which musical societies are so apt to suffer and die), is here furnished in lavish abundance. That old saying, 'money makes the mare go,' is fully verified here. Business, science, the Fine Arts, everything goes ahead with amazing rapidity, and the motive power is Gold." This is truly a pleasant and promising state of affairs, and we shall expect great things from the San Francisco Philharmonic. We give the list of officers for the present year, among which our readers will recognise the names of some old friends, and New York musical favourites:—Henry Meiggs, President; G. J. Hubert Sanders, Vice-President; Treasurer, Ira P. Rankin; Caspar T. Hopkins, Secretary; James M. Swift, first Director; John Huitcomb, second Director; John N. Danforth, third Director; George Loder, Musical Director.

MILAN.—(From our own Correspondent.)—In my letter sent last week, I omitted to make mention of a circumstance which I have no doubt will interest many of your readers; viz., the debut of Miss Kennett on the Italian stage, at Varese. Miss Kennett is daughter of Mr. W. Kennett, a gentleman well known for many years as a theatrical agent in London. The opera chosen by the fair *debutante* was Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, and her success was emphatic, seeing she was called before the curtain every night of performance four or five times. Miss Kennett is a pupil of Signor Mazzucato, singing master at the Milan *Conservatoire*, a professor of standing and eminence, and has been studying here for some time. She is a blonde, pretty, intelligent-looking, and graceful. She is, I am told, an excellent musician. Her voice is a light, flexible soprano, of most agreeable quality, which would suit admirably in Linda, Lucia, and characters of that class. I am certain Miss Kennett would be a great acquisition to the English operatic stage, when there happens to be such a thing constituted. At present Mr. Sims Reeves would appear to be the Atlas of English Opera, who has to support it by himself on his shoulders; but one singer, however eminent, cannot make an opera, and the great English tenor has need of some new props to hinder the world from falling about his ears. I wish, for Jullien's sake, the *impresario* of La Scala would take it into his head to engage Sims Reeves for Pietro. The opera would prove an immense gainer thereby.

Nothing new of the musical doings here since my last. All is dull and quiet.

FOREIGN RESUME.

PARIS.—The long promised novelty, for so we may designate Rossini's opera of *Motse*—as it has not been produced in France since the year 1827—has at length been produced at the Grand Opera. The French papers are unanimous in praising every one concerned in it. All the principal singers

were recalled at the fall of the curtain. The famous duet between Amenophis and Pharaoh, sung by Gueymard and Morelli, was vociferously redemanded. The *mise en scène* was most magnificent.

After the grand representation in honour of the President, the latter sent to Mons. Nestor Roqueplan a snuff-box with his (the President's) portrait, set in diamonds, to Mons. Philoxène Boyer, author of the words of the *cantata*; a box ornamented with diamonds, to Mons. Victor Massé, composer of the music of the *cantata*; a brilliant ring, and to all the principal artists, including those of the ballet, valuable brooches and pins.

Madame Viardot, Garcia has been stopping in Paris for some time past. The celebrated cantatrice has received several offers of engagements, but it is not yet known whether she intends to accept any one of them, or proceed to London.

The following is a list of the principal artists engaged by Mons. Corti, the new Director of the Italian Opera:—Soprani—Sophie Cruvelli, Vera, and Beltramelli. Contralti—Mesdames Borghi, Mamo, Nantier Didier, and Dampieri. Tenori—Bettini, Calzolari, Negrini, and Ghidalti; Bassi—Belletti, Marini, Giacomo Armand, Arnoldi, Yolli, Susini, and Altini. Mons. Castagneri is appointed conductor. The theatre opens on the 16th inst., with *Otello*, interpreted by Madlle. Sophie Cruvelli, and Messrs. Bettini, Calzolari, Beletti, and Arnoldi.

The new opera of *Les Mystères d'Adolphe* does not, according to most of the Parisian papers, appear to have been a very great success, for the Opera Comique. The critics are particularly severe on Scribe's libretto.

At the Théâtre Lyrique, the *Postillon de Lonjumeau* has been revived with very great success. Chollet produced a highly favourable impression in his old character of the Postilion.

After the *Postillon de Lonjumeau*, Mons. G. Bousquet's new opera of *Tabarin* will be the next novelty. The principal part will be sustained by the barytone Laurent.

Madlle. Anna Lemaire, of the Opera Comique, has just signed a brilliant engagement with the manager of the Theatre Royal, at Brussels.

Sophie Cruvelli—who is neither at Vienna nor St. Petersburg, and is not going to either, nor never intended going to either, despite so many rumours and public allegations—will appear at the *Italiani*, which opens on the 16th instant, and is engaged up to May.

Catinka Heinefetter is singing at Stuttgart. Her most popular character is that of Fides, in the *Prophet*.

Vieuxtemps has given no less than twenty-four concerts during his stay in Switzerland. He will shortly return to Paris.

The private theatre in the Palace of the Tuileries is being redecorated. For the future it will be lighted with gas.

The Minister of the Interior has given 4,000 francs for the statue of Lemaire that was erected on the 6th of last August at Abbeville.

BERLIN.—Stern's *Gesang-Verein* will execute Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Paulus*, on the anniversary of the great composer's death.

Herr Elbel is about to engage a complete orchestra of German musicians, with whom he intends to proceed to Paris, and give concerts during the winter.

Signor Boce, the manager of the Italian Opera at Berlin, has concluded an engagement with the Theatre Royal in Dresden, to give a representation once a week in the latter

city. He lately received the royal command to proceed to Potsdam with his company. The opera selected for the occasion was *Don Pasquale*.

The Bach Society, in Leipzig, will publish before the end of the present year the second volume of their edition of Bach's works. It will contain twelve sacred *cantatas* which have never yet been printed.

The English harpist, Mr. Thomas, has lately been playing with the greatest success before the Court at Weimar.

Original Correspondence.

THE HARMONIC UNION.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR, As the intention of diving into the "mines of unexplored or neglected musical wealth" is announced in the prospectus of this new society, allow me to remind the directors, that the fine sacred and secular works of a great composer, long resident in France—I mean Cherubini—are almost entirely unknown in this country.

Few things are more worthy of performance than his magnificent masses in F and D minor, his requiem in C minor, and his equally glorious motetts, or anthems, "Iste dies," "Inclina Domine," "Regina celi," "O fons amoris," and "Confirma hoc Deus," which last was composed for the coronation of Charles X. The above are worthy of any amount of trouble, and the production of any one of them would do honour to the Society and their excellent conductor, Mr. Benedict.

The fine overture to *Medie*, *Les Abencerrages*, and *Faniska*, are also well worthy of attention.

I enclose my card, and am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

AN AMATEUR.

London, 5th November, 1852.

TOM HOOD'S GRAVE.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly inform me, through the medium of your valuable paper, how I am to contribute my mite towards the erection of a monument to the immortal memory of Thomas Hood, and thereby oblige his humble admirer and your constant subscriber.

G. E. H.
Shrewsbury, November 7, 1852.

(Will some one of our readers be kind enough to answer correspondent.—Ed. M. W.)

Rebels of Music.

"FUNERAL MARCH IN MEMORY OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON."—For the pianoforte.—Composed by JOSEPH WILLIAMS (Elevé des principaux Conservatoires de l'Europe).—Published by the Author, 32, Great Portland Street, and sold by all Music-sellers.

Among the tributes to the illustrious warrior who has so lately departed this life, and left a blank in our army, and in our counsels not easy to fill up, the above Funeral March is decidedly one of the best. It is, we are informed, to be played by the Grenadier Guards on the day of the funeral. The composition consists of a march in C minor, varied by a trio of a melodious character, given first in E flat, and subsequently in A flat. It is remarkably well written, solemn in tone, and appropriately simple (though by no means thin) in its harmonies. The form is interesting, and the introduction of the trio the second time in a new key, entirely does away with monotony. The march is well arranged for the pianoforte, and easy to play. It will doubtless find admirers and many purchasers at this eventful period.

"TEGG'S CONCERTINA PRECEPTOR"—By JAMES F. HASKINS.
W. Tegg and Co.

This little elementary treatise professes to comprise "the rudiments of music, a glossary of musical terms, exercises, and scales, and a selection of the most popular tunes, arranged and fingered in an easy manner for that fashionable instrument"—the concertina. Nor does it, as is but too often the case, profess anything more than it contains. The description of the instrument, succinct and clear, is illustrated by appropriate woodcuts. The method of holding the instrument, and the series of rules and instructions for performing on it, are laid down with perspicuity, and cannot fail to be understood and easily applied by the humblest intelligence. The exercises are progressive and useful, and the tunes are well selected, and effectively arranged. In short, "Tegg's Concertina Preceptor" is creditable to its compiler, Mr. Haskins, and may be safely recommended.

"BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW."—Campbell, Ransford & Co.

The composer of this song is anonymous. The words are the well-known lyric from Tennyson's *Princess*. The call of the bugle is imitated in the accompaniment, and there is a joviality in the air which extorts forgiveness for its irregular rhythm, and some grave errors of accentuation in the application of the music to the words. It will suit a barytone, bass, or contralto voice. But the singer must be able to go down to F sharp, or he will be at a stand-still. The popularity of Tennyson's verses will probably recommend the song to the bugle-loving part of the community.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. WOOD.

A General, living in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, who had become suddenly rich, furnished a house in a costly manner, and gave very gay parties. He had little else but his wealth, however, to render them attractive; his wife being especially untutored and unpolished, as he had married before he became rich, and both were elevated to their present importance without the requisite personal qualifications to sustain it. To render one of their parties more than usually popular, they invited Mr. and Mrs. Wood among their guests; these at first respectfully declined, on the ground of fatigue; but they were pressed with so much earnestness, that they at length were subdued into consent. When the entertainments of the evening were fairly commenced, and several ladies among the visitors had sung, the hostess invited Mrs. Wood to seat herself at the piano, as the company would be delighted to hear her beautiful voice; but Mrs. Wood begged, with a very serious countenance, to be excused. At first, the astonishment created by this refusal was evinced by a dead silence, and a fixed stare; but at length, the disappointed hostess broke forth:—

"What! not sing! Mrs. Wood; why, it was for this that I invited you to my party. I should not have thought of asking you but for this; and I told all my guests that you were coming, and that they would hear you sing!"

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Wood, with great readiness, "that quite alters the case; I was not at all aware of this, or I should not have refused; but since you have invited me professionally, I shall of course sing immediately!"

"That's a good creature," rejoined the hostess; "I thought you could not persist in refusing me."

So Mrs. Wood seated herself at the piano, sang delightfully, and, to the entire gratification of hostess and guests, gave, without hesitation, every song she was asked for, and some were encored. On the following day, however, when the host and hostess were counting up the cost of their entertainment (for, rich as they were, they had not lost their former regard for economy), to their utter consternation there came in from Mr. Wood a bill of two hundred dollars for Mrs. Wood's "professional services" at the party of the preceding evening, accompanied by a note, couched in terms which made it quite certain that the demand would be legally enforced if attempted to be resisted; and, however much the "General" and his "lady" were mortified by this unexpected demand, they deemed it most prudent to pay it and hold their tongues.

FRAGMENT No. 1.

THE ARTIST.

Free as mountain airs thy path,
From the dull bondage of custom;
Unchained,
Yet thy course shaped
With finest chisel.
Thine to enweave truth
In newest forms of beauty,
And teach the world to live;
Thy life beautiful
As truth,
Thy mission sacred
As religion.

FRAGMENT No. 2.

MUSIC.

Speech divine,
Softly floating on the summer air;
Odor's
Sweet incense,
Sent up from flowers most fair;
A gentle life
In blushing tints,
See in that rose, beyond compare;
Sweet breath of love,
Rich song of birds,
Pearl drops of bliss, rich not rare.

FRAGMENT No. 3.

A SKETCH IDEAL.

Thy solid virtues,
Rich and strong
As the wholesome brown of the
Tree's stem;
Soft and quiet
Thy sympathies—
Wide and universal
As the bright young green
Of its leaves
Like loving arms
Extended;
Thy finished character
The flower
Of perfect beauty,
Diffusing aroma round
In ungrudging richness—
Free as air.

THE TRAGEDIAN'S TRUNK.

ONE fine day in the summer of 1812, a short and very important-looking gentleman was pacing backwards and forwards, in a state of great agitation, before the door of an inn at Naples; from time to time he placed his hand on his forehead with a look of despair, as if vainly endeavouring to bring forth a reasonable idea.

"Unfortunate man that I am!" cried he, as the hostess passed him.

"What has happened to you, Signor Benevolo, that you distress yourself!" inquired the good woman.

"You ask me why I am in despair? Don't you know that it is the day after to-morrow I open my theatre at Salerno, when I have engaged to give them tragedies?"

"Well, what then?"

"What then! I have a splendid company, a beautiful princess, with eyes like two black diamonds, and a voice fit only to utter the language of the most sublime poets."

"In that case why do you complain?"

"I have also," added he, "a most admirable low comedian, a frightful face, as ugly as Sancho Panza himself, a visage which can laugh and cry at will; a perfect monster."

"Then why, I ask you, are you distressed?"
 "Because I want an actor I cannot find, and without whom all my treasures become useless—a tragedian."

"How unlucky!" said the hostess.
 "Unlucky, indeed," said the poor manager; "for without a tragedian all my golden dreams must vanish."

"I'll tell you what, Signor Benevolo," cried the hostess, whose eyes suddenly sparkled with joy, "I esteem you and wish you success, and therefore I'll give you what you want."

"What! a tragedian?"
 "Yes, a tragedian! a young man in the town who has run away from his family to become an actor, who wants only the tragic dagger to make his fortune and that of his manager."

"How fortunate; kind, good hostess, bring him to me instantly!"

She did not wait to be told a second time; in a few minutes she returned, leading by the hand a great fat boy.

"Here's your man, Signor."
 "Man, do you call him," said the disappointed manager, looking at the chubby-faced youngster, who aspired to represent the Roman Emperors and Italian tribunes; why, he's only a lad."

"A lad that'll make his way in the world," replied the good woman, a little angrily; "hear him recite, and look how he stands, isn't that tragic?"

In truth, the boy had begun to recite some of Dante's verses, and had placed the skirts of his threadbare coat by way of drape.

"Bravo, bravissimo," cried Benevolo; "you will be admirable in Othello; you will make a superb Moor when your face is blacked; so give me your hand, my boy, I take you with me as first tragedian; I'll pay the expenses of your journey, and, as an encouragement, here's twenty gold ducats for pocket money until your debut; will that do for you?"

"Capitally."

"What's your name?"

"Luidgi."

"Luidgi what?"

"Luidgi nothing," observed the hostess; "the youth has reasons to conceal his name, as his family might find him out, and cause his return."

"Very well, then; let us prepare our baggage and be off," said Benevolo.

In less than an hour the young Luidgi had quitted Naples in company with Benevolo and his comedians.

On his arrival at Salerno the manager announced his youthful tragedian as a prodigy of talent; the result was everything that he could desire; for long before the doors were opened an immense crowd awaited to be admitted.

Benevolo rubbed his hands with delight; whilst Luidgi, dressed in the costume of the Roman Emperors, was studying the most imperial attitude; already the treasurer counted his piles of money; all was joy and happiness—when, alas! the genius of evil cast her envenomed breath over his pasteboard castle of bliss, and the whole edifice crumbled into nothing. Six sbirri marched up to the debutant, and arrested him, by virtue of an order from H. M. Joachim Murat, who, for the moment, possessed the advantage of being King of Naples by the grace of his brother-in-law. The family of Luidgi had obtained this order, that he might be brought back to the Conservatoire of Music, where he was studying, before his flight, under the able direction of the celebrated *Maestro*, Marcello Parveno.

"Lord! Lord! did ever anybody see the like; to prevent a man's doing what he likes, and what he is so calculated to shine in," exclaimed Benevolo.

"Never mind, friend," said Luidgi, squeezing his hand; "I'll be a tragedian in spite of them."

"May be; but that won't restore my lost receipts."

"No; but I will when I am rich," answered the boy, struggling with the *gens d'armes*, who dragged him forcibly away.

I haven't lost everything, thought Benevolo: the lad has left a large trunk, the contents of which will now be mine, and he instantly proceeded to force the lock, hoping that he should be amply indemnified for the money he had advanced. When, oh,

horror! the trunk was filled with—sand, Luidgi had invented this plan in order to appear respectable, and thus hide his poverty in the inn at which he resided. In a towering passion, the manager wrote to him as follows:

"You are a young rascal. You have left in my hands a trunk of no value. You will never be a tragedian."

BENEVOLO.

To which Luidgi answered in the same laconic style—

"You are an old fool; keep the trunk; in ten years I will pay you twenty times the sum you advanced me, with money I shall have gained in acting tragedy."

LUIDGI.

Ten years—twenty years elapsed, and Benevolo heard no news from Luidgi. The boy has forgot me, said he, and his promise also; for, instead of acting the sublime tragedy, he is singing stupid operas. What madness!

Many years after poor Benevolo was living in a garret at Naples, when one morning he was surprised by the receipt of a letter couched in these terms:—

"Come and see me, old boy; bring my trunk of sand and I will pay you for it. Here are 500 francs for the expenses of your journey."

LUIDGI.

"Rue Richelieu, 102, Paris."

The old manager was almost wild with joy. He lost no time in preparation; but, taking the trunk with him, started for Paris, where he was received with open arms by his former pupil.

"Here, old boy," said Luidgi, who was now become of enormous rotundity, "take this deed, which insures you 1,200 francs a year for your life; it is the ransom of my trunk at Salerno."

"A sum like this! impossible. I cannot take it," said the ex-manager.

"Make your mind easy, old friend; since we met my fortune has grown with my *embonpoint*."

"You make me happy, Luidgi—there is only one thing which vexes me, and that is that you have not kept your promise, and are become a singer instead of a tragedian; but I suppose as an old comedian, I must forgive this weakness of yours."

"You think, then, I have failed in my promise."

"Undoubtedly."

"Here's an order for the Italian Opera, to-night; you will see me, and we will sup together afterwards."

Benevolo did not fail; there he was in his stall, wild with delight, literally trembling with pleasure; for Luidgi played the part of the Doge in Othello, and at the moment the Doge curses his daughter, Benevolo absolutely screamed, so excited were his feelings.

After the opera, Benevolo, in a state of feverish agitation, awaited Luidgi at the door of the theatre.

"Well," said Luidgi.

The ex-manager threw himself into his arms, exclaiming "Tragico—oh, Tragico!" which were the only words he could utter; that same evening, taking Luidgi's hand, he said—

"Friend, till now I have never asked your real name; but now that you are a celebrated artist, I would tell it to my friends in Italy; I would repeat it with my last breath; therefore from you own lips let me hear that name."

"LABLACHE," replied the singer, much affected.

Provincial.

BATH.—George Barker concluded his series of "English Ballad" entertainments from the repertoire of English ballads, on Saturday last. In addition to compositions of his own, Mr. Barker has launched a couple of songs, founded on the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. At the theatre a drama, founded on *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, has been produced, most successfully, at this establishment. The piece has been put upon the stage with great attention to scenery, &c. The principal characters are very creditably sustained—Mr. Rouse's Uncle Tom, especially, being a natural and unexaggerated picture of African peculiarities. The incidental and characteristic music and dancing are tastefully arranged, and a large audience set the seal of its approval upon a drama possessing much interesting incident, as well as many striking illustrations of negro life in the slave states of America.

GLOUCESTER.—The two farewell concerts of the Tyrolean minstrels at the Bell Hotel, on Tuesday last, under the management of Mr. J. W. Needham, of this city, gave unmixt satisfaction to the audiences assembled. The unfavourable weather in the morning had a detrimental effect upon the attendance, and the wonder was how, with the rain pouring down an unceasing flood, there could have been found any persons whose enthusiasm was sufficiently powerful to overcome the repelling influence of the elements. However, the audience was fashionable in the morning; and in the evening the room was nearly filled. Each concert was divided into three parts, consisting of national airs and concerted vocal and instrumental pieces, arranged to vary the performances. Among the most amusing pieces at both morning and evening concerts was a quintet, "the peasants of the Tyrol imitating a musical orchestra," in which the performers, "singing the action to the sound and the sound to the action," rendered the deception as perfect as it was laughable. A new air, "Stop dat knocking," was given morning and evening with success, and Veit Rham performed at both concerts on the national instrument, the zither. A duet, "The wedding song on the Alps," greatly pleased the evening audience, as also did the laughing chorus. The English national anthem was given at the close of both concerts, the first verse being taken by Mlle. Margreiter, and the whole being sung with excellent effect, notwithstanding that the performers were foreigners. Altogether the concerts were interesting, as affording a pleasing illustration of national character. On Tuesday next, the enterprising Mr. Needham has engaged John Parry and his portfolio.

BRIGHTON.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mons. Edouard de Paris gave his annual concert on Thursday, the 4th inst., at the Royal Pavilion, under the patronage of the Lady Jane Peel. The singers were Madame Fiorentini, Miss Emma Phillips, and Mr. Frank Bodda; the instrumentalists, M. Sainton (violin), Signor Regondi (concertina), and M. Edouard de Paris (piano). Madame Fiorentini was the great gun of the concert—if we may be allowed to apply so coarse a term to so charming a subject. Madame Fiorentini was the star of Arcady to all eyes. Her beautiful face and striking person could not fail to enlist all the audience in her behalf, before she sang a note. Madame Fiorentini's voice is of most exquisite quality, and there is a peculiarity in its tones which absolutely enchains the ear. There is also evidenced a decided improvement in the singing of the fair artist within the last twelve months; but on the present occasion she sang somewhat coldly, and did not produce the impression that was anticipated. The grand air from the *Freischütz* wanted more fire and enthusiasm, and the final rondo from *Southamula* would have been all the better for a little more abandon. Both were admirably vocalised, and the voice was under perfect command; nevertheless, they lacked impetuosity and energy. In a Spanish air, on the other hand, Madame Fiorentini was eminently successful, and rapturously encored, as she was also in a ballad from the *Bohemian Girl*, which she gave with German words—wherefore? Miss Emma Phillips sang Arne's songs, "The hymn of Eve," and "Where the bee sucks," and joined Mr. Frank Bodda in the duet, "La ci darem." The fair lady acquitted herself well. Mr. Frank Bodda came out forcibly in his two favourite arias, "Sulla Poppa del mio Brik," and "Largo al factotum." He was loudly applauded in the twain. Sainton joined M. de Paris in a *tema con variazioni*, by Beethoven, and performed a "rouleau mazourka," and a "solo de concert," of his own composition. The last two were real feats of violin playing. M. Edouard de Paris is by no means a pianiste de première force. Thalberg's *Ellis d'Amore* fantasia is beyond his powers. He played a "melodie variée" of his own much better. Signor Regondi was encored in his fantasia for the concertina on airs from the *Huguenots*. Signor Lardelli was the conductor. Sims Reeves has been singing at the theatre. He was engaged to five nights. He had a benefit at a rammed house—on Saturday. *Fra Diavolo* was the opera. I heard him in the *Bohemian Girl* on Monday. He sang splendidly. Mr. Henri Drayton made a good Devilshoof. Brighton is tolerably full, and the sea is in high request.

LANCING.—A concert was given here on the evening of Friday week, which was numerously attended by the principal families in

the neighbourhood. The pupils of Mr. Wright's grammar school were the principal performers on the occasion, the several portions of the entertainment allotted to them being gone through in the most creditable manner. The vocal music was interspersed by some excellent pianoforte playing; two very young ladies, the Misses Sarah Ann and E. Taylor, particularly distinguishing themselves. Their firmness of touch and excellent style spoke well for their instructress, Miss Lasseter of Worthing. Two amateur ladies contributed much to the enjoyment. The talent displayed by one of them in Handel's "Hark, ye pretty warbling choir," bespoke evidence of a highly cultivated taste, and would have done honour to the profession. Mr. De la Rue agreeably interspersed the evening with introductory notices, which was still further diversified by the able professional assistance of Mr. Card and his daughter. The gentleman who kindly officiated as conductor, fulfilled the duties of the office in excellent style, leaving nothing to be desired. A sumptuous supper wound up the evening's entertainment, and the remembrance of Mr. Wright's hospitality will long be held in remembrance by those who had the good fortune to be present.

PLYMOUTH.—(From our own Correspondent.)—On Monday evening Bellini's *Sonnambula* was given to one of the most fashionable and crowded houses of the season. This opera, in spite of its frequent repetition, appears to have lost none of its popularity, and the manner in which the music was sung on the present occasion reflected great credit on all the artists concerned in it, as well as Mr. Reed, who conducted with his usual skill and ability. Mr. Travers was in excellent voice, and Mrs. Weiss, as Amina, sang and acted with much expression and precision. What more can be said of Mr. Weiss's Count than has been said a hundred times, that he sang with excellent taste music particularly suited to his voice, and the applause must have testified the esteem in which his talents were held by the audience. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* followed, which afforded scope to Madame Leclercq, Mr. Ray, and Mr. Warde, for some very excellent acting.—On Tuesday evening *Masaniello* was acted to a house as full as on Monday, and the effective manner in which it was put on the stage, the dancing of the *famille* Leclercq, and the acting of Madame Leclercq, as Fenella, were the theme of general praise. Now that Monti is lost to us for ever there are few superior to Madame Leclercq as a pantomimist. Her action is graceful and expressive. The singing was excellent, and the chorus effective in all respects. Mr. Travers throughout was correct, and the manner in which he gave "My sister dear" elicited the loudest applause. Mr. Weiss's fine voice told admirably in Pietro, and reminded us much of Massol, who at Covent Garden was identified with the part until Formes effaced him. Mrs. Weiss, as Elvira, sang well, looked well, and acted well. The excellence of the operatic troupe, and the liberality of the manager, Mr. Newcombe, in putting the pieces on the stage, with new and appropriate scenery and costumes, is deserving of all praise. It is reported that he has engaged Carl Oberthur harpist to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Nassau, for the next concert, which takes place on the 3rd of December.

A TOMB FOR TOM HOOD.

Give Hood a tombstone—'tis not much to give
To one who stir'd so oft our smiles and tears;
But why a tomb to him, whose lines will live,
His noblest monument, to after years?

To which I answer, that in times to come—
In times of more equal lots and gentler laws—
The workers may not seek, in vain, his tomb,
Who pleaded, once, so movingly their cause.

If marble mark the soldier's, statesman's grave;
If monuments adorn his place of sleep,
Whose hands struck off the fetters from the slave,
And him who sought out woe in dungeon's deep.

Did he not fight for Toil's sad sons and daughters?
Was not his voice loud for the worker's right?
Was he not potent to arrest the slaughters
Of Capital and Labour's desperate fight?

Oh! mothers, think of his melodious pity
Over the victim of the Bridge of Sighs—
Oh! Almoners of the o'er-crowded city,
Think of the shirt-makers' heart-piercing cries!

You, too, whose lighter hearts turned from such themes,
Who sought his page for smiles and not for tears,
Think of his wit, how pure and bright it gleams,
Mocking the sadness of his later years.

And say, if Hoon should moulder into dust
Without a stone to mark his place of rest—
Whose fiercest scorn he'er sought a mark unjust,
Whose sharpest wit-shaft he'er pained living breast?

Miscellaneous.

MR. JOHN FAWCETT, JUN., of Bolton. The degree of Bachelor of Music has been conferred upon this talented composer and pianist. The public performance of the *exercice* composed by Mr. Fawcett, jun., for the purpose of obtaining his degree, took place in the Music School at Oxford, before Sir Henry Bishop (Professor of Music to the University), the Vice-Chancellor, and a crowded audience, on the 3rd inst. The exercise, consisting of nine movements, gave entire satisfaction, and the degree was conferred on the following day.

MR. JOHN THOMAS, the harpist, is by this time in St. Petersburg. *En route* he had the honour of performing at Hanover before their Majesties, at the theatre; next at one of the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, and afterwards at the Court of Weimar, before the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, who, as well as Dr. Liszt, expressed their gratification of Mr. Thomas's performances.

THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY will commence their season on Monday next with Handel's immortal *Messiah*, preceded by the "Dead March" in *Saul*, and an appropriate selection from Handel's Funeral Anthem, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington. Mr. Surman, who is the founder, and who has been the conductor of the Exeter Hall oratorios for the last twenty years, still wields the baton.

MUSIC AT THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—Mr. Goss, the learned and talented organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, has, we are informed, composed some anthems expressly for this memorable and solemn occasion, which will be performed in the course of the burial service.

MISS WOOLGAR.—This fair Adelpian loadstar will take her annual benefit on Tuesday. In her own walk of the drama there is no artist with whom the public have a more cordial sympathy than with Miss Woolgar; for who has given them so many hearty and genial laughs? In her pictures of rustic nature, and the comedy of humble life, she has scarcely a rival. Her humour is thoroughly national, and, like all true votaries of Thalia, she possesses that command of the passions needful to make her portraits at once natural and genial. In the name of the comic Muse and the laughing graces, a bumper for Miss Woolgar!

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Smith, the well known vocalist, has been giving an entertainment at this theatre, dramatic, descriptive, and vocal, consisting of the exhibition of a series of views of Australia, with illustrations and explanations, seasoned with some pertinent and appropriate songs. Mr. Smith speaks well, and points well, and sings well, and the entertainment is altogether well, and worth a visit.

THE ORATORIO AT HACKNEY.—In our notice last week of the performance of the *Messiah*, at Hackney, we entirely omitted mentioning that Mr. Haskins was the projector of the concert, and that it was owing to his exertions that it was got up. We owe it to the good folk of Hackney, to Mr. Haskins, and ourselves, to set the public right on this head.

MR. J. W. BARSHAM'S CONCERT.—This took place at the Beaumont Institution, Mile End, on Wednesday se'night. Poole and Miss Messent, twin votaries of the Muse—the former a pensive and the latter a laughing grace—were the principal vocalists. Miss Poole, with her sweet voice and her native and impulsive simplicity, was encored in Mr. Buckland's song, "The Haunted House." Miss Messent's fresh and genial naivete was acknowledged in a loud call for a repetition of Mr. Hobbs's comic song, "The Orier," which has been growing in favour ever since the syren adopted it at the Surrey Gardens. Miss Messent was also encored in the Scotch melody, "Comin' thro' the rye," and (with Miss Poole) in Glover's duet, "The Cousins." Mrs. R. Limpus, who sang Donizetti's aria, "O mio Fernando," is, we believe, a novice. She is young, exceedingly pretty, and has a full and melodious soprano voice, but the *tremando* of her nerves was so great that we can say no more at present of her singing than that it gives fair promise. Mr. George Case was encored in a fantasia on the concertina; and Mr. Frederick Chatterton in a solo on the harp. The rest of the popularities were committed to the efficient care of Messrs. Donald King, F. Young, and J. W. Barsham (the *beneficiaire*), who sang Mr. Lover's ballad, "Sally," very nicely, and was encored in "Largo al factotum." The room was well attended.

MR. SAMUEL GROSVENOR, of Dudley, has taken a degree as Bachelor of Music, at Oxford.

MR. JOHN E. MOODY, the vocalist, died on the 7th inst. aged 38.

SONTAG'S ALBUM.—In the Album, which Henriette Sontag brought with her to Paris from London, in 1841, are the autographs of 2 princes, 21 lords, 87 baronets, 168 chevaliers, 113 other gentlemen, and 59 authors, among them Walter Scott's; of 43 musicians, among them Moscheles, Cramer's, Pixis', and Sir George Smart's; of 38 other artists; but only 26 ladies' autographs, among which are those of 22 princesses. On one side of the beautifully bound volume are the words, *Souvenirs de Londres*, on the other, *Forget me not*. This Album was a present from Sir Walter Scott. Not less interesting is Sontag's Parisian Album, in which are the autographs of Chateaubriand, De Pradt, Scribe, Picard, Delavigne, Rossini, Auber, Boieldieu, Pasta, Malibran, Garcia, Piaroni, and of many other distinguished persons.

SINGERS MUST BE CAREFUL.—A singing-master in the northern corner of Iowa recently dislocated his jaw in attempting to sing "high B." It appears that there was a contest between the victim and a rival teacher as to which should be employed to teach a certain singing-school, and the former made such desperate efforts to astonish the natives as led to the lamentable result above mentioned;—but he got the school.—*New York Musical World*.

WHAT JEWS CAN DO BESIDES MAKE MONEY.—Who composed *Il Barbiere*? Rossini—a Jew! Who is there that admires not the heart-stirring music of the *Huguenots* and the *Prophet*? The composer is Meyerbeer—a Jew! Who has not been spell-bound by the sorcery of *Die Juden*? By Halevy—a Jew! Who that, at Munich, has stood before weeping Königspaar, whose harp hangs silently on the willows by the waters at Babylon, but has confessed the hand of a master in that all but matchless picture? The artist is Bendemann—a Jew! Who has not heard of the able and free-spoken apostle of liberty? Boerne—a Jew! Who has not been enchanted with the beautiful fictions of lyric poetry, and charmed with the graceful melodies, so to speak, of one of Israel's sweetest singers? Heine—a Jew! Who has not listened in breathless ecstasy to the melting music of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*? Who has not wept with *Edjah*, prayed with *Paul*, and triumphed with *Stephen*? Do you ask who created those wondrous harmonies? Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who was—a Jew.—[The author of the above widely-circulated paragraph has modestly refrained from adding another to the string of queries, "Who wrote the above widely-circulated paragraph?" —a Jew. He has also, with less ingenuitiveness, overlooked the fact that the "Jews" he has cited are all of them converted. Moreover, Rossini was never a Jew; and moreover, Phillips, whose name does not appear in the paragraph, who makes the best lamps, is a Jew, and is not converted.]

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PROSPECTUS.

UNDER THE SANCTION OF

THE COMMITTEE OF

MANAGEMENT OF THE



ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

MUSICAL DIRECTORY,

REGISTER AND ALMANACK,

AND

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC CALENDAR

For the Year 1853.

PRICE ONE SHILLING; BY POST, 1s. 6d.

OUR Universities have their annual CALENDARS and ALMANACKS; the Medical Profession has its admirable MEDICAL DIRECTORY; the Law has a similar work; Painting and Sculpture embody, in the FINE ARTS ALMANACK, a concentration of valuable information which cannot be obtained elsewhere;—these, and numerous other publications, are annually distributed for the use and gratification of those who take interest in the several departments they illustrate; but there is no similar channel through which those devoted to Music may have conveyed to them the multifarious information connected with this most universal and delightful of all the arts and sciences.

The Publishers of the MUSICAL DIRECTORY propose to supply this deficiency. They propose to publish an annual work, which, in addition to the fullest amount of information given in Almanacks generally, shall also be the exponent of as great an amount of Musical information as can be obtained; designed not only for the use of the Musical Professor and Amateur, but for all who take pleasure in Music,—and who does not? Some of the heads will be such as have never hitherto been published in any form, but which, nevertheless, have been greatly desired. Among the most prominent will be—

- 1st.—Information relating to all Musical Societies that exist in London and throughout the country.
- 2nd.—A List of the Names and Addresses of all the Musical Professors of the United Kingdom.
- 3rd.—An Epitome of the principal Musical Occurrences of the past year.
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In addition to the strong claims such points as these, carefully carried out, must give this work, MESSRS. RUDALL, ROSE, & CARTE have the honour of announcing that it is undertaken with the sanction of the noblemen and gentlemen forming the Committee of Management of the Royal Academy of Music, as the authorised Public Organ of that Institution—an Institution which, while it has fostered a large amount of native talent, including the greater portion of our most celebrated composers, vocalists, and instrumental performers now before the public, has also been unquestionably the means of improving musical education throughout the country.

A brief History will be given of the Royal Academy of Music; also a statement of all the Students who have been educated there, with the dates of their entrance and departure, and the honours bestowed upon them, from the time of its commencement up to the present year, with every particular respecting the constitution and rules of the Institution.

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THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTER & ALMANACK

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For 1853.

On the 1st of December, with the secure trust that it will meet a want of the times, and consequently obtain the patronage of the public generally.

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M. JULLIEN'S LAST SEASON OF CONCERTS previous to his departure for America.

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TO-MORROW, MONDAY, NOV. 15, and every evening during the week, the renowned Prima Donna, Mlle. Anna Zeri, will sing. Herr Koenig, and Monsieur Arban, the Brothers Mollenhauer, Monsieur Wuttli, the celebrated Clarionist, and Monsieur Lavigne, will also perform. The programme, which will be changed every evening, will include M. Jullien's new Valse, "LES ECHOS DU MONT-BLANC," the new Valse, "PAUL ET VIRGINIE," the "VAISE HOLLANDAISE," a new Quadrille from PIETRO H. GRANDE, selections from popular Operas, several works of the Great Masters, &c., &c. Commence at eight. N.B.—The Theatre being let at Christmas for Dramatic Performances, the Concerts can continue for one month only.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,

EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. Costa. On Wednesday and Thursday next, the 17th and 18th November, will be performed, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington, an appropriate SELECTION OF SACRED MUSIC, comprising Handel's *Dead March in Saul*, and *Funeral Anthem*, "His Body is buried in peace;" Solos and Chorusses from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and *Elisabeth*; the Quartet and Chorus "Blest are the departed," from Spohr's *Last Judgment*, with Mendelssohn's unfinished Oratorio *CHRISTUS*; concluding with the third part of *HANDEL'S MESSIAH*. Vocalists: Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. H. Barnby, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Orchestra the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 Double Basses), nearly 700 Performers. Tickets 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each. Country residents may secure them by forwarding to the Office of the Society, No. 6, in Exeter Hall, a Post Office Order, payable at the Charing Cross Office, to Mr. Robert Bowley. The Subscription is One, Two, or Three Guineas per annum. In each of the last two years it included Eleven Concerts. Subscriptions now taken out entitle to TWO TICKETS for the above performance.

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Rudall, Rose, and Carte are enabled to state respecting this department, that the Jurors of the Great Exhibition have borne testimony to the excellence of their Instruments, by awarding them the only Prize Medal for Flutes in England. They are also sole Patentees and Manufacturers of Boehm's New Flute, made with Parabola and Cylinder Tube, for which and for the application of his new principles in the construction of the Oboe, Clarinet, and Bassoon, the Council Medal was awarded. They are now prepared to supply every variety of these Instruments, viz., those constructed upon the new principles with new systems of fingering; those constructed upon the new principles, but adapted to the old system of fingering; and those made altogether on the old system.

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CORNET-A-PISTONS, SAXHORNES, TRUMPETS, and TROMBONES.
Rudall, Rose, and Carte beg to invite the Professors and Amateurs of the Cornet-A-Piston to an inspection of their New Cornet, No. 10 in their List, which they submit to their notice as unsurpassed either as to elegance of form and high finish of workmanship, or as to beauty of tone and perfection of intonation. Their stock comprehends also genuine Instruments from the manufactories of the celebrated makers in Paris, Antoine Courtois, Beson, Guitrot, as well as the most approved of their models. Also Kohler's Patent Lever Cornet and the other new Cornets which obtained Prize Medals at the Great Exhibition.

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VICTORIA

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL

Musical Society.

Provisionally Registered under the 7th and 8th Victoria, c. 110.

TO CONSIST OF 1000 SUBSCRIBERS AT £5 EACH,

TO BE PAID AFTER THE PUBLICATION OF THE NAMES OF THE COMMITTEE.

THE VICTORIA VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSICAL SOCIETY is intended to advance the musical talent of this country; to extend the culture of that sublime science; to bring together those who are already publicly known, and those who have spent much of their lives in the study of music; without being able to obtain that introduction which is essential to the conversion of their application and talent to profitable account.

Many a genius, many a mind endowed with the rarest gifts of nature for composition and facilities for vocalization and instrumental performance, has been lost in obscurity for want of the encouragement and support which it is the object of this Society to afford.

No branch of science requires greater application for culture, than music; no other engages the mind more exclusively, without which perfection in the art cannot be attained; but in this country, so precarious is the reward, that few venture upon the study with that zest which is requisite for its successful development.—Yet is this country the greatest patron of the art; clearly showing that the English people thoroughly appreciate its beauties; we may therefore justly conclude that, under a more liberal system, they may attain equality with other nations.

THE VICTORIA VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSICAL SOCIETY will give to living composers an opportunity of producing their works upon such a scale as fairly to test their merits, and to artists and amateurs every possible facility for cultivating the science so as to prove highly remunerative.

It is also intended to form, in conjunction with the Society, an Academy for the tuition and cultivation of music, on such a scale of charges, as to make it accessible to all who desire to attain a perfect knowledge of the art. For this purpose, it is intended to employ the most skilful professors of each country, giving facilities for tuition at home equal to the Continental Academies.

A knowledge of music is one of the highest accomplishments—its progress, slow as it has been in this country, has tended much to advance the moral and social condition of the people, and by a more perfect routine of instructions such as it is the object of this Society to afford, much greater advancement may be made, and all its refinements developed.

The Academy will be conducted in classes upon the following scale of charges—

1st Class	25	Guineas per Annum.
2nd Class	20	" "
3rd Class	10	" "

The arrangement of the classes will be under the direction of the Managing Committee.

RULES—The Committee to be appointed at the annual meetings of the Subscribers. The Concerts to be Sacred and Secular. The Capital to be available for the purposes of the Society, and interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, or such less sum as may be realized by the Society, to be paid upon the calls out of the profits; one half the surplus above the amount required for interest and expenses of the Society, to be divided among the Shareholders; the other half to be divided among the artists; the apportionment to be under the direction of the Committee, who will award according to talent and merit.

Application for Shares in the Society, and all information respecting the entry of students to the Academy, as well as the appointment of professors, to be made to

JOHN REMINGTON, Esq.,

138, Sloane Street, Chelsea.

The Nobility and Gentry desirous of becoming Patrons, or Honorary Members of this Society, are requested to communicate as above.

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